

TROUBLES AND TRIBULATIONS OF THE AVERAGE GAME WARDEN

In the gray, misty dawn of a September morning the train which left the big woods of mid-Ontario the night before stops at a little, red station some hundred miles north and east of Toronto. Waiting on the station platform is a tall, hungry-looking man. By a chain he is leading a sporty-looking bird dog, says the Toronto Sunday World.

As the train stops he jumps aboard the express car, unsnaps the chain from the collar of his dog, and says: "Hunt 'em up, Larry."

"Curious place to cast off a dog to look for game," you think, but that's because you don't know the game warden and the way some of them work.

"Larry," a fine-looking red Irish setter, ranges all over the express car, sniffing at every box. Presently, perhaps, he comes to a point and squats stiff and rigid before a small wooden box in a corner of the car. The box is addressed to a prominent merchant in Toronto.

"Partridges, heh?" says the game warden. "I'll take a look at that."

A board is ripped off and discloses the pretty brown and white mottled feathers of the big game bird of the Northern woods. "I thought so," says the warden. "Bill"—to the express messenger—"I'll take charge of that box!"

After the express car the baggage car is searched, and Larry sniffs his way carefully through the whole train, paying particular attention to the suit cases and other hand luggage of the passengers in the sleeping cars which have come down from the big woods, for more than once a saddle of out-of-the-season venison has been detected carefully hidden away inside a handsome hand satchel.

And the tales some of these out-of-season "sportsmen" tell, under oath, on the witness stand, after illegal game has been found in their possession and they have been arrested, are enough to make the late Baron Munchausen turn over in his grave.

One business man with a haunch of venison in his satchel looked the J. P. in the eyes and told this story:

"I was sitting before my tent just at sunset. Away off through the woods I heard some dogs barking. The sound came nearer. Presently a big buck jumped out of the woods just opposite the camp and started to swim across the lake. He came up out of the water just below my camp, so exhausted he could hardly stand up. Then I saw for the first time that there was a big hole in his throat. The dogs had caught him and pulled him down, tearing great gashes in his throat with his teeth. Then he had struggled to his feet and run for miles over a runway, losing quarts of blood at every jump. When I walked down to where he was standing he couldn't move another step. He was suffering terribly and I cut his throat to save him from suffering any longer."

"And then I suppose you set him up and practiced target shooting on him," said the warden. "The haunch bone is shattered by two bullets, I notice."

"Fifty dollars!" said the J. P. "Next fairy tale."

As may be imagined, it is not pleasant to have a strange man insist on pawing through your hand baggage, because a red bird dog sits down before it. And once there was a hunter who, after an experience of that kind, deliberately went ahead and prepared a sharp and wicked trap into which the warden and his bird dog both fell.

He took an old suit case up into the woods with him when he went after muskies in September. Before he left the station in the woods he got a piece of raw deerskin and rubbed it over the outside of the grip. Inside he put an eight-pound roast of beef. Then, with intent to deceive, he put the "salted" grip in the aisle of the sleeper. In the morning Larry, the bird dog, came to a point before the suit case.

"Whose grip is this?" demanded the warden.

"It's mine," said the conspirator, sticking his head out between the curtains of his berth.

"I'm the game warden and I'll have to trouble you for the key to that valise."

"Well, you don't get it. I tell you there's no game in that satchel and you open it at your peril."

But Larry, the game warden's dog, never made a mistake, and the game warden was insistent, finally forcing an entrance to the suit case, only to be confronted by the roast beef.

The result of that adventure, as they tell the story in the big woods, was a hit for damages, out of which finally came a decision by a high court to the

effect that the game warden has no right to forcibly open and search baggage for express matter without first taking out a warrant.

One hears stories, too, in the woods of packages of game and fish started down to Toronto and otherwise, which never reached their destination. When inquiry was made it was always easy to say: "Oh, that was seized by the game warden," although, as a matter of fact, no game warden had boarded the train, and some other people had game for dinner for several days thereafter.

During a recent September a merchant from one of the largest cities went up to a certain woods in Ontario and shot an even dozen partridges. Of course, he was breaking the law, and he knew it, but he had the birds packed up and started home with them. They were discovered a few miles out of his home city by the watchful game warden, confiscated under the law, and sent to a local commission house to be sold to the highest bidder.

When the hunter heard what had become of his game he was exceedingly wroth and went to hunt up the game warden.

"Now, see here," he said to the warden, "why don't you be a good fellow?"

At the same time he slipped an oblong piece of paper into the game warden's hand. The game warden glanced at it, recognized the figures in one corner as sufficiently large to constitute a reasonably heavy insult, and said he was sorry.

"You see, those birds have already been sent over to the commission house and I can't get hold of them again. But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll go down and arrange to have your box put up for sale at a time when there's nobody in the room but you, and you can get them for a couple of dollars."

That struck the hunter as a pretty good scheme and he thanked the game warden for his kindness.

That afternoon, at the time appointed, he went to the commission house. There in plain sight lay the box he had brought down from the woods, and everything had been arranged as the warden had promised.

"How much am I offered for this box of partridges?" asked the commission man with a wink at the hunter.

"Two dollars," said the hunter, and the box was knocked down to him for that sum.

"I'll send over for it in a few minutes," said the hunter as he left the place.

On the way home that evening he met a couple of friends, to each of whom he promised a brace of birds. When he got to the house his wife met him at the door.

"John," she said, "what in the name of goodness is in that box you sent home this afternoon?"

"Partridges," he said. "Why? What's the matter?"

"You go down in the basement and smell for yourself," she said.

The hunter rushed downstairs and tore open the box. It was his box all right, and it contained twelve partridges. But, alas! Instead of the fresh, newly killed and plump birds he had brought down from the woods, this was a dozen of ancient, sunken and odoriferous partridges. Every one of them had departed this life at least two weeks before. There was nothing to do but to throw them away.

Ever since the hunter has been trying to make up his mind whether to kill the game warden or the commission man.

BABY SAVES OWN LIFE.

Three-Year-Old Child Falls Into Central Park Lake, but Calmly Climbs to the Bank.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Gussie Baehler, three years old, was playing on the bank of what is known as Large Lake, in Central Park, near Seventy-second street, yesterday afternoon, when she rolled down the embankment into the lake. Not a cry did the little one utter, but proceeded to climb out again without assistance. David Gunther, fourteen years old, also of No. 406 East Eighty-second street, in whose care the child was, came running up, thoroughly frightened. The child greeted him with the remark:

"I fell into the water."

She was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital in order to dry her clothing and taken home by her mother.

The West Virginian job department is turning out a nice line of work.

Hats, Shirts, Collars and Ties at C. B. Highland's.

SELLS CIRCUS IS TO BE SOLD.

Railroad Show, Which Embraces the Forepaugh Circus, Is to Go Under the Hammer.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Sells Brothers' circus, next to Barnum & Bailey's the largest show in the world, will be sold at the close of the season, which ends on November 19. It will be the first time on record that a circus of this size and importance has passed under the hammer.

The Sells Brothers' circus, which now includes the Adam Forepaugh circus, was organized in 1871, while the Forepaugh circus began as a little wagon show in 1869. The two were consolidated in 1894, and James A. Bailey and W. W. Cole, owners of the Barnum & Bailey circus, are equally interested with Peter and Lewis Sells.

Peter Sells, of Columbus, Ohio, one of the owners of Sells Brothers' circus, is in poor health. Having suffered a paralytic stroke two weeks ago, and, being advanced in years, he has decided to part with all the circus property he controls with his brother.

W. W. Cole said yesterday: "At a conference held last week between the Sells brothers, Mr. Bailey and myself it was mutually agreed to sell the Sells Brothers' circus at auction. Mr. Bailey and myself have no desire to acquire more circus property, and probably the show will go to an outsider."

THIS MARINE HAS A WINNING NAME.

Private Theodore Roosevelt Parker, Jr., Allowed to Leave the Marines to Enlist in the Navy.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 9.—By special request of President Theodore Roosevelt, Private Theodore Roosevelt Parker, Jr., of the United States marine corps, has been honorably discharged to enlist in the navy. He is now stationed at San Francisco, and desires to be assigned to the new battleship Ohio upon becoming a blue-jacket.

According to the naval regulations

no marine or enlisted man of the navy may be discharged before his term of enlistment has expired except by special order of the President. Representative Bell, in whose district the Mare Island Navy Yard is located, wrote a letter to the Navy Department about Private Theodore Roosevelt Parker, Jr., who is only twenty-two years old, and who enlisted in the marine corps several years ago. The President was evidently won by the unusual combination of names carried by this "soldier and sailor too," for the permission was granted.

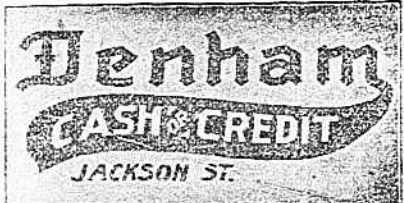
PRINCESS LOUISE

IS SAID TO BE PERFECTLY SANE —THE FACT THAT SHE IS A PRINCESS GIVES HER PECULIARITIES.

PARIS, Sept. 8.—In a signed letter to the paper Humanite German Socialist Deputy Sukedom states that the Princess Louise of Cobourg, who eloped a fortnight ago with Count Keglevitch Mattassitch, is perfectly sane. The Princess stayed at the Deputy's home from Wednesday until Saturday last week. Sukedom declares that the fact of her being a princess gives Louise certain peculiarities, but that her sanity is unquestioned. The paper insists that Louise is now taking refuge in the western suburbs of Paris.

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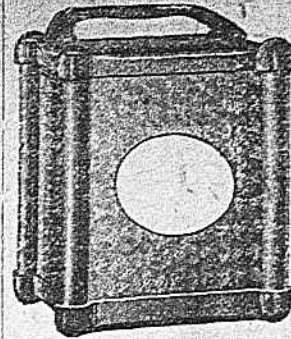
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BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

PASSENGER trains will arrive at and depart from Fairmont on the following schedule on and after May 22d, 1904:

WEST BOUND.	
No. 7.—Chicago Express.	4:24 A. M.
No. 5.—Wheeling Accommodation.	7:47 A. M.
No. 55.—Wheeling & Cincinnati Express.	7:29 P. M.
No. 71.—Wheeling Accommodation.	1:36 P. M.
EAST BOUND.	
No. 8.—New York, Baltimore and Washington Express.	3:25 A. M.
No. 72.—Grafton Accom'n	10:53 A. M.
No. 46.—New York, Baltimore and Washington Express.	1:48 P. M.
No. 4.—Grafton Accom'n	8:38 P. M.

F., M. AND P. BRANCH.

ARRIVES.	
No. 50.—Pittsburg Accom'n	1:00 P. M.
No. 4.—Pittsburg Accom'n	9:55 P. M.
DEPARTS.	
No. 3.—Pittsburg Accom'n	7:50 A. M.
No. 51.—Connellsville Accom'n	2:10 P. M.
No. 69 leaves daily for Morgantown at 9:05 P. M. No. 62 arrives from Morgantown at 6:55 A. M., daily except Sunday; at 8:00 A. M. Sunday only.	

MONONGAH DIVISION.

No. 5.—Arrives at Fairmont 5:35 P. M.	
No. 1.—Arrives at Fairmont 12:10 P. M.	
No. 3.—Arrives at Fairmont 7:45 A. M.	
No. 2.—Leaves Fairmont 7:10 A. M.	
No. 6.—Leaves Fairmont 1:53 P. M.	
No. 4.—Leaves Fairmont 9:55 P. M.	

All trains are daily except Nos. 3 and 4 on the F., M. and P. branch, which are daily except Sunday.

For sleeping car reservations and information concerning tickets and rates, consult T. B. HENDERSON, Ticket Agent.

BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.

To the Knights of Pythias Biennial Encampment Louisville, Ky—Very Low Rates For the Round Trip.

Tickets on sale August 12, 13, 14, 15, good returning leaving Louisville not later than August 31st, 1904.

Stop-overs allowed at specified points in each direction. Get details from ticket agent.

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the latest news. Read the West Virginian. It has

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